

existence had not spoilt her in the slightest. At the end of the two years the girl still retained her native modesty and grace.

But now all was different; for some months—ever since the air had become thick with dark rumors of war—Amoy had been very unhappy. One day the manager had come into the tea-garden, and to the great surprise of all the girls had spoken harshly to Amoy, whom he had always treated with great consideration. This was the day that the declaration of war against China had been published on blood-red papers. From that day her life had become even more unhappy. Her employer had lost all his former cordiality of manner toward her, and the inmates of the house, the girls, the very servants, all seemed to despise her; but was she not of a nation at war with them, and whom it behooved them to hate?

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But even this was not all. To the sorrow that had reduced her far from favor was added the air of losing her position. Business was bad, for the young men were all enlisting and the older ones were too much occupied with the country's actual and time-consuming distractions the tea-house offered. Mizutani, the manager, was beginning to talk of discharging some of the girls.

and well Xinyi knew that she would be able to go to America in Japan. Away back in the province of Shantung, in China, she had a half dozen little brothers and sisters and an old father and mother. At a very early age she had grown up with a mother and made her living with a troupe of Chinese jugglers and players who had come to Japan. Her unusual beauty had attracted the attention of Mr. Shantung, who made her a tempting offer for his services, and she had entered his employ. Among the frequenters of his tea-house she had always appeared light and gay of heart, but to no one ever given the least hint that she and the girl became at times.

The tea-house and gardens adjoining it, and, in fact, were connected with a Japanese stand which was just outside the garden, and very near the back of the house as they went to and from the gardens. At the back of the Japanese stand there was a large open shed, which served as a shelter during the winter months, and upon a shelf of stone was a large lot

room, a dull, gloomy place, under the  
junks and the tea-cases, for  
the storing of old goods. The  
junks, broken chairs, and  
other plunder. Poor then, and  
voluntarily take the  
climb the rickety stairs well in  
to store away some things  
was to this old store-room,  
I would come when her duties  
it was an old-fashioned junk  
things were to shreds, its co  
broken and its beautiful  
all cracked and blistered. Th  
and the softest seat in the roo  
and it swayed gently to a swe  
and the clink of the tea-c  
to Isha's heart, and the s  
intermittently over her up  
I don't, he had ha  
The landlord of the  
managed by Mr. Khatu, of recent  
was House 124, attenti  
said to be of considerable  
was very much esteemed was for me

he gave more freely to life, and, when the call for help came from the government he took of the first to fling himself. Unlike a lot of others, however, he was not a chance of military service. But unlike many of these who were refused, Izuma neither took his life nor became gloomy or despondent. Perhaps the government would accept him later, he thought. He held himself in readiness, and turned himself with a cheerful heart to the task of helping those at home. Many a family that had given up hope of seeing him in the war, and were suffering poverty besides sorrow, found a son in Izuma, and found great cheer in his encouraging smile and helping hand.

When the news of the sinking of the Kwantung arrived, and drove the city mad with delight, Izuma crept up to the old store-room to weep alone. The day was not beautiful, and even the dark store-room was dimly lit by the star gleams of sunshine that literally

forced their way into the ground as though in protest that any spot should be in their power. Amoy trembled and in consternation. From words she had overheard she knew she was on the point of being discharged, and she was distressed. She prayed to all the gods to help her. She even murmured in grateful prayer to the Japanese goddess of mercy, Kwan-on, to soften the hearts of her people—for Amoy had lived so long in Japan that she was almost a Japanese in her spirit, even though not for one moment did she ever forget her own country and people.

All this time the old Jirishika had come and swooningly back and forth, and even while she prayed Amoy fell asleep. The sunlight gleamed across her little head and seemed to spread a halo around it. Amoy the sad, the lonely and worn-out, the one who had lost her own country, her vehicles and instruments, she seemed now more pretty than ever she had before.

utes before the door of the store-room was pushed open and Inouye Izumi, and a stranger came into the place.

"I will show you the vehicle and you can see what repairs are needed," Izumi went on saying. They moved over to a Jinkisha that had met with an accident the previous day.

"This is the—" continued Izumi, and then suddenly broke off and stared with wide, fascinated eyes at the sleeping girl.

"I don't!" he said to the other man. And they stood very still and gazed at the pretty picture.

Izumi had certainly seen her before in the garden, but doubtless had never noticed her peculiar beauty, for she seldom went to the garden except on business with Minataya, and would merely encounter the girls in gay groups. Now he stood beside Amoy, breathing very hard, and his eyes gleamed and glowed the more they looked at her. Then very reluctantly he turned to the other man, and transacted his business hastily with the other man, after which they passed out together.

But soon Izumi came back to the store-room, and, crossing on tiptoe, stood for a long time by the side of the sleeping girl, gazing at her with all his heart.

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